

## REFORM OR REVOLUTION.

It is amusing but not very satisfying to read in our exchanges the various reasons assigned for the signal defeat of the republicans at the polls. Some say it was the tariff, some charge it to the foreign vote, some say it was the pension question, and so on and so forth by the column and by the yard. There is some force in all the alleged reasons, including the one that the nomination of Mr. Whitelaw Reid was a serious mistake, and that the unfortunate attitude of the administration toward Mr. Blaine went a long way toward giving the party a chill.

There is force in all these reasons and all of them had great effect upon the result. This was especially true in the central and eastern states. In the west, in the Missouri valley and west to the Pacific, the silver question cut a large figure.

But there is one cause for the great political revolution greater than all others combined. It was not personal dislike of President Harrison; it was not any charge against his administration of public affairs, for that has been perfectly clean. It was not the tariff, for in the region of "protected" industries the republicans are confronted by the most significant losses. It was not the Alliance movement altogether, for, in Iowa, republicans regained the state; they largely increased their vote in Nebraska over 1890; and in Kansas they nearly overcame the 63,000 opposition majority of two years ago. But there has been a large and general aggregate loss to the republicans from the relative vote of 1888. It was a combination of dissatisfaction rounded up in one real cause—distrust of the professions of the republicans.

That distrust had become deep-seated and general. There was reason for it, too. The party of Abraham Lincoln had become the party of the Platts, Quays and Depews. Its promises have been trifled with in the house of its friends. It promised a revision of the tariff and made the revision odious to both producer and consumer by making new industries its particular pets. It was so framed as to leave it open to the suspicion that its real heart was more in the interest of capital than of labor. Mr. Blaine saw the error and sought to nullify it by reciprocity features. We believe that America has been vastly benefited by the doctrine of protection, but the doctrine of protection for the sake of protection was not the doctrine of the republican party of Lincoln, Grant or Garfield. Under existing conditions there has grown up in the United States a state of affairs akin to those in England. There are the very rich, the middle classes and the very poor.

Something is the matter. The people know that sure enough and appreciate it strongly. The great bulk of the owners of three-fourths of all the wealth on this continent live north of the Potomac and east of the Appalachian range. It is not the result of their superior thrift, knowledge, pluck, age or geographical position. They are loaners of money and merchandise. The balance of the United States are borrowers of money and merchandise. Ninety per cent. of all the interest paid by the borrowers of this country goes to New England, New York and Pennsylvania. They control the money market in all the south and all the west. Four years ago the republicans promised to attempt to remedy these conditions. Two years ago the democrats promised free coinage of silver. Wall street raised the cry "that it is for the benefit of the silver regions of the west." It was beaten.

The advocates of the gold standard

own and control this country to-day. And that, too, in face of the declaration of all parties for bi-metalism. Democrats never desert their party on account of its broken promises. If they did there would be no democratic party to-day. Republicans are independent and leave in herds when they distrust the policy or leaders of their party. The result shows that.

Reform or revolution! Which shall it be? There has never been a time in the history of the world when so many people were giving patient, thoughtful study to financial questions as at the present moment. Something is vitally wrong and the people know it. The people know they are sick. They think they know what ails them. They are seeking the remedy. Affairs are rapidly assuming a condition when it will be the struggle between organized capital and organized citizens. Trusts and combines govern the country. They elect congress, make and unmake laws, are entrenched in courts and dictate party platforms. The struggle is bound to come. Resolutions cannot prevent it. Party promises cannot stay its course. There must be prompt, absolute reform in financial affairs or a revolution in parties. The people know that a policy which makes combines rich and individuals poor is radically wrong. Dollars combine to double their value. The people are combining to save their own. The issue is here. It must be met. To attempt to evade it is abject folly. To refuse to listen to its demands is to invite disaster. To make the fight in the interest of the organized capital against the organized citizens means revolution! To say that the ground-swell is all caused by demagogues and shysters is to imitate the imbecility of George the Third, who regarded Washington as a rebel, Hancock as a demagogue and Patrick Henry as a political adventurer. There are many grains of golden truth hidden in the trainloads of buncombe offered by the Populist movement. To disregard those truths is both unwise and unpatriotic, and swings wide open the gateway to chaos.

When the Armours can fix the price of every hog and steer grown on Kansas prairies, it is time to demand a halt. When the banks of Boston and New York can in one hour close every bank in twenty-five states and cause the loss of hard-earned millions in the interior cities and towns, is it any wonder there was general distrust? When a ring of soulless grain gamblers in Chicago and New York can dictate the price of the cereals of all the west, and a United States senator can touch a button and raise the price of coal oil 50 per cent; when the coal kings in Pennsylvania can say whether you shall pay \$6 or \$12 a ton for anthracite, is it any wonder there is a revolution? And the tariff had nothing to do with it.

The real wonder is that the democratic party—the party of persistent obstruction, the party of constant and continued political retrogressions, should receive the benefit of the awakening. This is a great country with varied interests and needs. The question of labor and capital confronts us. It is grave and potential. It brooks no delay. It blames the party in power for existing conditions. Had Mr. Cleveland been elected in 1888 his defeat this year would have been as decisive as that of Mr. Harrison. Majorities rule. The voice of the majority must not be ignored. Its reasonable demands must be met, or the revolution at the ballot box may become the outpost of a revolution trying to its utmost tension the power of the constitution itself.—*Atchison Champion.*

# DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

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## To the Republican Rooster.

Poor thing! But yesterday, as it were, nations trembled at thy voice. When with clarion notes thou didst proclaim liberty to the slave, the whole world rejoiced and sang anthems of praise; crowned monarchs, baring their heads, extended to thee the friendly hand and pledged eternal friendship. Then, indeed, thou wert a proud and happy bird. But, now alas! in the language of Marco Antony, "None will stoop to do thee reverence." Ah yes, dear bird, I will mourn for thee. I will weep over thy grave. Thy sainted memory shall be entwined about my heart and I will remember with sorrow and regret how many heavy, heavy burdens were heaped upon thee until their very weight was more than thou couldst bear. The gold-bugs of Wall street, the great railroad corporations, monopolies and trusts, and even prohibition in the once fair-famed Kansas, all climbed upon thee and brought thee down. Hadst thou been left untrammelled—free to exercise thine own generous will, thou wouldst long since have extended the hand of friendship to the fallen foe, bound up his wounds, and by gentle acts of mercy and brotherly love, restored his house to order; and feeling the power and majesty of thy might, he too would now have been kneeling at thy shrine. But, no! The bloody garment must be waved until a little band of thine own faithful soldiers at Wichita, Kansas, proclaimed to the world that the civil war was over, and defiant of the party lash, extended to the vanquished the "olive branch of peace." Oh, proud and noble bird, whilst seeing the shadow of thy downfall upon the wall, thou didst weep great tears of joy over that sainted band of faithful followers who, amid the carnage of war and desolation, formed in solid phalanx around thy chariot of gold and upheld the flag of our nation, and there proclaimed peace and good will to all—they, too, will plant a sprig of acacia at thy grave, and water it with tears of love. Rest in peace, thou noble bird.

D. P. E.

## A Postmaster's Will.

THREE DAYS OUT.

Three suns have set since we set sail. The night is dark; no star illumines the heavens. Clouds o'ercast the skies, and, oh, the chilliness of these winds from the shore. When we embarked a few stars were still shining, many of the northern luminaries still cast an evanescent glow in their orbits. True it was that one by one the wavering ones had gone out, and with the departure of each, more raw became the breeze; louder and harsher seemed the cries of the elated opposition as the returns rolled up the majority for the Prophet. Nevertheless, after we set sail, 'twas indeed comforting to gaze upon the bright spots still left, and rejoice at their steadfastness. But alas! the darkness has increased. One by one even these stars have gone out, and the shouts which are borne to our ears tell us that they are now shining in another political camp. New York, Indiana, Connecticut,

Illinois, Wisconsin, California, Colorado—what! and thou, too, Kansas? Tell us no more. Our ears are cold, our senses numbed. The barren outlines of the rocky shore seem still more indistinct, and the washing of the alkali waters of this salty sea dies in murmurs. 'Tis of no use to ruminate on our woes; to sleep, to quiet sleep. We wrap our shroud around our form, and lie us down to dream—dream while the bitter waters lean the sides of our craft and the chilling wind whistles through the rigging; dream of the end of our voyage, of the golden sun of promise which we look for to rise in '96.—*Sterling Gazette.*

## The Best Banking System in the World.

FORT SCOTT, KAS., November 11.—The United States district court grand jury in session in this city to-day found a bill of indictment against T. C. Malloy, cashier of the Cherryvale national bank, charging him with perjury in swearing to a false statement of the bank's condition. The bank failed and the depositors lost heavily. Malloy is under \$5,000 bond to appear for trial in May.

President Webb, of the same bank, who is also under arrest charged with appropriating \$4,000 of the bank's fund to his personal account, has been bound over to the United States court in the Topeka division.

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